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Harry Furniss's

ROYAL
ACADEMY

'an artistic joke'



.1887.

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The purpose of these notes is to be descriptive rather than critical: they are designed to form a record of this "Artistic Joke."

The illustrations, with few exceptions, do not convey any idea of the composition of the pictures, and in many cases they further the idea and object of the Exhibition by reference to pictures not included therein.

The Exhibition cannot be understood by anyone without a Catalogue, and the Catalogue cannot be understood by anyone without seeing the Exhibition.

It is therefore evident that everyone visiting the Exhibition must have a Catalogue, and everyone seeing the Catalogue must visit the Exhibition. Q.E.D.!

HARRY FURNISS'S
ROYAL ACADEMY
An Artistic Joke

A CATALOGUE
OF
THE EXHIBITION

CONTAINING OVER EIGHTY

Illustrations after the Artists

Engraved by the Typo-Enching Co.



FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON
25, OLD BOND STREET
Published at the Gallery
1887

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"AN ARTISTIC JOKE."

Mirth means not malice ! Art may have its play-time

The Muses' selves their hours of frolic fun.

Ars longa est, but in the mellow Maytime

Its long-drawn labours for awhile are done,
And when leaves burst and early blossoms blow,
Art is on show.

Then flame the Forty in flamboyant glory

On canvas acres, and on leagues of wall.

May Mirth not travesty that splendid story

Of shining rise, on slow crepuscular fall ?

Ars longa est, but is its crowning grace

Mere length of face ?

The mocking-bird who fills the echoing forest

With borrowed fluting and with stolen trill,

Gives no offence ; sweet singers at their sorest

Pardon the parodist's mimetic quill.

And shall pictorial Art alone resent

Burlesque well-meant ?

Perish the imputation ! Thor's huge mallet

Let potent criticsasters poise and wield ;

Grave errors of the Brethren of the Palette

To Titan thumpings possibly may yield ;

A Polyphemus in his purblind pride

Art *may* deride.

APR 25 '49
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Here Puck, in Prospero's picture-realm "cavorting,"
 With various mimicry its pageant mocks.
 The mockery's not malignant; 'tis but sporting;
 And yet Mirth's key picks many puzzling locks.
 Puck's *passe-partout* will sometimes clear the way
 When wit's at stay.

"Property" subjects, palette-tricks, pot-boilers,
 Are fun's fair quarry. Mammon and *La Mode*
 Ruling Art's realm as despots and despoilers,
 Invite the revolutionary goad;
 Sordid usurpers of a throne right royal,
 To lash *them's* loyal.

But they of the right lineage—noble, numerous,
 Born in the purple, high, invulnerable,—
 These fear not fun-flouts; rogueries quaintly humorous,
 And wild satiric whimsies have no spell
 To stir their golden calm. Shall Mercury's rod
 Rouse your true god?

Here's an Academy *pour rire*! Let laughter
 (Which sometimes bears light's lessons on her lips),
 Be here our end, and leave no anger after.
 No querulous spleen inspires these quirks and quips.
 If the mad miming some sane meaning hold,
 Well—gold *is* gold!

E. J. M.

*• Mr. Furniss is indebted to Mr. E. J. Milliken for his friendly assistance in compiling this Catalogue, and especially in providing the verses, and other illustrative quotations.

NOTICE.

IT will be observed that all the "Portraits" in this Exhibition are back-views. This is no fortuitous arrangement, but is done deliberately and of set purpose. It is felt that "the human back divine" (why should backs not be as divine as fronts?) has not hitherto, for art purposes at least, been sufficiently studied or made nearly enough of. The human back is full of expression, and teems with suggestions of character. Everybody who has known what it is to receive Society's cold shoulder, or have the world turn its back on him, will fully appreciate the force of this remark, and the validity of this view.

Moreover the sort of people who, by means of a "thumping cheque" to a Royal Academician, and for purposes of unmerited notoriety, get their portraits hung at our annual Art-shows, are almost invariably quite commonplace, and are generally very ugly (*see Specimens, below and on pages 10 to 14*). Their backs, therefore, are at least as interesting as their faces, and perhaps less obtrusively vulgar and vacuous. The truth of this statement cannot be questioned, and our artistic innovation therefore can hardly be objected to. Indeed, we are persuaded that it will be warmly welcomed, and are not without hope that it may be largely followed.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, ESQ., M.P.
(In his studio.)

HARRY FURNISS'S
ROYAL ACADEMY

1887



No. 1.

VERY LIKE A HOOK.

* * * * *

"So I scrambled down, Charlie, old hoyster, and jest carved my name
on the cliff,
When a somethink 'looked on to my bags, mate, as histed me up in a
jiff.
I 'ollered like old Ebenezer; I tell yer, old pal, I *was* scared,
For to 'ang between 'eaven and earth in this style I was quite
unprepared.

"Couldn't guess wot the dickens 'ad come to me slung wrong end
upwards like this.
Well, Charlie, some fisher-boys spotted me—hobjeck they couldn't
well miss—
And they'd jest dropped a hook—sech a twister!—and hauled me slap
up on a line.
Dashed cheek! But once free of *their* hook, I can tell yer I quickly
took *mine*."

Extract from 'Arry's 'Olidays.

No. 2.

"SIR JOHN, OR THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE LORD
MAYOR'S SHOW."

The annexed pen-and-ink sketch, rough as it may appear, gives an excellent idea of the dash, and noble, heroic, elevated feeling characterising the painting.



No. 3. THE TWO MISSES TITEFIT.

Childhood should be "free and bounding," we are told. Why, then, dress—or paint—children in this hideous body-swaddling limb-constraining guise? Better far give them freedom—by taking them to Liberty in Regent Street. After there having them made artistically lovely, let them be made "beautiful for ever"—on canvas. As the nursery lyric has it:—

"Girls and boys come out to play,
But do not get dressed in this fashion-plate way,
You'll find you are free with the hoop or the ball,
If you only get garments from *Liberty Hall*."

(For proof see "Sequel" on opposite page.)



No. 3. THE TWO MISSES TITEFIT. (Sequel.)



No. 4.

THE ORNITHOLOGIST'S DAUGHTER.

Infancy tracing the *Marks* of Time.

(This, however, is, we believe, the first occasion on which *Marks* has traced the time of Infancy.)

"It is unnecessary here to descant upon the admirable work displayed in every portion of this picture, which stands out a bright example of good and careful labour, amongst the quantity of loose and slovenly work with which the walls of our Royal Academy are so frequently hung."

No. 5.

"LADIES OF THE WOOD" AT AFTERNOON TEA.

A specimen of the "pretty-pretty" school of landscape, finicking in style and fantastic in title.

No. 6.

AFLOAT ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Not very interesting or new, perhaps, but sufficient to show the style of the painter of the celebrated Niagara panorama. The picture will probably sell, for the master's bold bottle-green mannerism is popular just now, the public, as regards his works, being genuine *Colin-hunters*.

No. 7.

THE JUDGMENT OF PLASTER OF PARIS.

Had Phillistia possessed an Inquisition, it would, at one time, have been inclined to burn Jones, and make a holocaust of his wonderful works. It is now inclined to Burne-Jones—in another sense. This subtly superb and superbly subtle "Design for a Stained Glass Window" must still further conciliate the children of the artistic Askelon. The master, in this extraordinary design, seems to suggest that the three goddesses, in place of competing for the traditional apple, are contending for the favour of Paris himself, with whom, very naturally, they have all fallen ardently, and, of course, angularly, in love.

In the sequel, the master appears to imply, however, that his own subtle-eyed and seductively sinuous mermaid has proved, in popular phrase, "one too many" even for "The Immortal Three." We believe the esoteric meaning of the subject may be gathered from the following quaint quatrain, for which we are indebted to the research of the master himself :

"Alas ! How little lankness sweet Love serves.
 Passion is but an infant, lured by spangles ;
 And, in the long run, softly flowing curves
 Will have the pull of the intensest angles."



No. 7. THE JUDGMENT OF PLASTER OF PARIS.

No. 8.

SCOTCH COTTAGE COMFORT.

The sentiment expressed in this picture is as familiar as it is profound. It is that so forcibly set forth by Robbie Burns in his immortal invocation to "Scotch Drink."

"O, thou my Muse ! guid auld Scotch Drink,
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink
In glorious faem :
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink
To sing thy name !"

The way in which the "wee drap" brings comfort to three generations of the painter's countrymen is shown in a homely, touching style in this characteristic work, redolent as it is of true Scotch sentiment—and *spirit*.

So long as this popular artist furnishes the Royal Academy with such pictures as this, the reputation of Scotch Art and Scotch Drink will never *faed*.



No. 9.

MISS MARIA POSER.

"Ob my *Sant*-ed Maria !"

Nineteenth daughter of Sir John Wellington de Boots Backhouse Poser, M.F.H., &c. (see page v). Portraits of her eighteen sisters have appeared year by year with characteristic sameness. Last year the eighteenth Miss Poser was painted standing on her left leg, hat in right hand.

No. 10.

THAT EYRE CROWE.

The result of a little holiday in Normandy.

Note the forcible painting and masterly composition ! The artist writes to us to explain that the natives are extracting some amusement from the suggestive shape assumed, quite fortuitously, by the English tourist's luggage; while the unfortunate Englishman, arrested as a Prussian spy, is thrown into prison, and has his nose officially pulled. True, he was only making studies for his Academy picture.



But the French have no appreciation of high art.

Eureka! The title should be, not that Eyre Crowe, but that Scare-Crow!

No. 11.

FIRING THE JUBILEE SALUTE.

This is an earnest and conscientious study of the terrors attending the working of our modern guns. A work of great force and genius, in too dark a corner to be seen. It will be difficult for anyone to estimate the importance of this picture in its present position, nor can we judge of it as a painting until the close of the Exhibition. We would suggest its being purchased and presented to the Admiralty; it would add greatly to the already abounding glory of that department, as it does to the artistic reputation of the Professor of Painting of the Royal Academy. (See "Sequel" on opposite page.)



NO. 11

THE SEQUEL.



NO. 12.

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

(See next page.)

No. 12.

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

The Army of the Future, like the Music of the Future, seems to be "a little mixed." The patriotic prevision of the painter sees, trooping from Old England's *Crofts*, Cottages, Colleges, Counting-houses, and Courts, the motley muster of British manhood, a Falstaff's regiment in appearance, but doubtless a band of indomitable heroes at heart, a straggling line of odds and ends in fact, but probably a Theban phalanx in potentiality. The colossal Bismarckian commander and his Orderly must be proud of their recruits. In this superb and significant picture the Army of the Future is executing a march-past, towards the barracks in the distance. In the sequel—well, the sequel speaks for itself. (*See preceding page.*)

No. 13.

MUMMING BIRDS.

The critics of pictures like this may be scornors,
But—you're bound to have *something* to fill up your corners!

No. 14.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

Who could doubt it?

"When Adam dived and Eve span
This had been 'a gentleman.'"

As a proof of the truth of what has been said respecting Back-views (see "Notice" page v), we subjoin a few front-view sketches of the ugly, uninteresting, sour, stolid, preposterously pretentious personages whose portraits—from no fault of their own—are *not* in the Show.



MYNHEER VON DER VATUVAL.



CANON BUXCRUMPET, B.A.



JOCHARIED F. SNIFE, ESQ., PH.D.



CALLIPER CRAMPFOOT, ESQ.



THE O'MULLIGAN.



SIR BUMPUS BOWSNOWL, F.G.S., &c. &c. &c.
(President of the Social Science Congress.)



A. FOLLOW QUILP, ESQ.



PROFESSOR GELLAND, F.R.S.



COL. MACNAMARA, M.P.



MR. JUSTICE JOWLER.



PROFESSOR BIZENOSE, B.A.



SIR MOSES MOIDORE, BART.

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Artistic Joke,

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*The Original Drawings are also for sale. Prices to be obtained
on application to the Secretary.*

No. 15.

"HERE'S ANOTHER MODEL GUY!"

Lucas a non lucendo.

No. 16.



REJECTED ADDRESSES.

"*Mark us Stone* steps! (Well-painted, are we not?)
 How often have we borne
 Such sheaves of 'Offers.' 'Tis a trying lot,
 For by the broom which swept them all 'to pot,'
 We're chafed and worn.

Each morning sees them, like shed autumn leaves,
 Strown over us, and straightway
 The gardener sweeps, whilst Molly sits and grieves
 O'er the dead past, and with wild memories weaves
 The quaint old gateway.

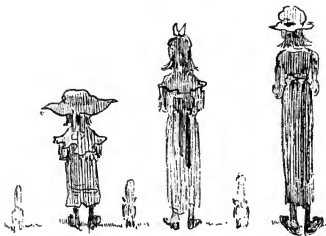
"Old, yes, and quaint ! Are not the quaint and old
 Perennially 'jolly,'
 To those who year by year will flock to see
 The same old sentimental filagree,
 The same old Molly ?

"The recipe's so simple : Georgian dress
 Upon a pretty model,
 A pensive pose, broad hat, soft trailing tress ;
 And one may cultivate with much success
 Art Molly-Coddle."

—From *Pot-Pourri and Other Poems*.

NO. 17. THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

(*New Art Version.*)



Three little maids from school are we,
 Full of Art-lore as full can be,
 Music, and Painting, and Poesie ;
 Three little maids from school !

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Vain now is teaching, we ask for none ;
Everything clever of course *we've done*.
We through the gamut of Life have run ;
Three little months from school !

Each of us now is a full-blown Muse.
This is the epoch when kittens refuse
Counsel from cats : that's the line *we* choose ;
Three little pussies from school.

Grandmother's lore for the likes of Us ?
Look at our heads ! Shall mouths shaped *thus*
Learn ovivuction from frumps who fuss ?
Trust little maids from school !

Three little prigs with chintzy frocks,
And strange lank limbs and scanty locks ;
But oh ! all Genius fills and stocks
Three little maids from school !



No. 18.

EDELWEISS.

Why Edelweiss? Although probably painted not far from the Swiss Cottage, this young lady is certainly not Swiss. This is another instance of the familiar practice of an artist painting a single figure from a pretty model, and at the last moment putting anything in her hand to give her a name. One more of the "selling school."

No. 19.

THE R. A. ROCKS IN TROUBLED WATERS.



Ah! Rocks ahead! And every head a rock!
 Around what whirling waters smite and shock!
 A Highland stream in spate, though autumn brimmed it
 With roaring torrents, and though Graham limned it,
 Were but a mere breeze-ruffled city puddle
 Compared with *this*! How they appear to huddle,
 Those wave-scoured rocks! The dashing floods dismay 'em
 As though indeed they'd power to dis-R.A. 'em.
 But *that* is not the dress of genial Graham.
 No roaring river-floods than his completer—
 Though *here* in brine he dabbles, turns salt-Peter,
 And see the sequel! Calm the water flows
 A rising sun, a sky *coulcur-de-rose*.
 The rocks are calm again as—oyster-beds,
 Despite the storm they have not lost their heads;
 And in the soaring sun-disk, ruddy, warm,
 A sanguine fancy spies—or doth she dream?—REFORM!

Pleasures of Hope.

No. 20.

THE ORIGIN OF PAN.

A Musical Instrument.

(After Mrs. Browning.)

What is he doing, this crookshank'd Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
 You're welcome the puzzle to solve—if you can.
 Just fancy him stroke in an Oxford boat,
 This mixture of athlete, and Pan-pipe, and goat,
 What a charm he'd lend to the river!

He's classic-contorted, this nondescript Pan,
 In the startled reeds by the river;
 And therefore he's built on the neo-Greek plan.
 An artist who's bent on the mystical lay
 Could hardly do better, at this time of day,
 To give one the neo-Greek shiver.

"This is the way," laughs the great god Pan
 (Laughs as he sits by the river),
 "The only way, since *renaissance* began,
 To prevent a poor god being left on the shelf:
 How can one do better than *puffing one's self*?"
 And he puffs, as he squats by the river.

This picture will be recognised at once as what may be called "a disappointment." There is lots of muscle in it, but little mind. It is "muscular paganism." Academical anatomy gives it its subject, cheap classicality its *raison d'être*, modern poetry its name. Bell *plus* Lempière, *plus* Browning. "What's in a name?" indeed. Why, a great deal. It makes all the difference between an anatomical diagram and a popular picture. *This* is a popular picture. The raw material thereof is seen on next page.



No. 20.

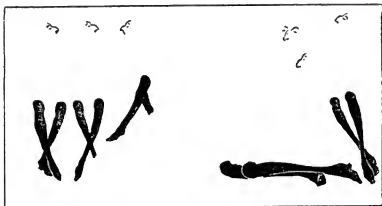
THE SEQUEL.

Model (*loquitur*): "Oh! what a relief!"

No. 21.

THE HON. MRS. PEDIGREEN OF PEDIGREEN HALL,
PEDIGREEN, AT HOME WITH HER FIVE DAUGHTERS.

This is not a "portrait group" but a "subject picture," a reading from the Pedigreen history. It speaks for itself. The artist supplied no sketch, but an indication is here given of the leading features—and limbs—of this interesting work. It may be thought by some, particularly the poor outsiders—whose pictures cannot be hung "for want of space,"—that Mrs. Pedigreen of Pedigreen Hall, would be better really "at home," instead of holding a reception in the Academy. But she has paid her footing (sixteen of 'em sometimes without the frame) to an R.A., his son, cousin, or aunt, and thinks more of herself and family than of art, or of the poor artist rejected, for want of space on the walls or interest with the Forty.



No. 22.

HERE'S A PRETTY GOW!

This work is a fair specimen of those historical pictures without which—to paraphrase a familiar line in the advertisements—no Royal Academy would be complete.

"At the siege of Mudlow Castle, Cromwell, after firing the keep, broke with his fanatical followers into the courtyard, and there, to his surprise and great wrath, found the irrepressible Royalists indulging in certain mirthful and profane *Sallies*, regardless alike of soldierly seemliness and of incendiary Ironsides. 'Here is a Pretty Gow!' thundered red-nosed Noll, in the simple yet striking idiom of the

age. Godless fribbles who can find sport in hurling sticks at yonder head, do not deserve to keep their own. Off with them!"—*Dryasdust's Chronicles of the Cromwellian Times.*

History repeats itself. The supplementary sketch shows the ghost of Cromwell looking indignantly upon the canvas so graphically recording his own fanatical brutality, and repeating his old exclamation, "Here's a pretty Gow!"

Note the Artist and the Historian (?) skulking behind the canvas, in fear of the outrageous wrath of the passionate Protector.



No. 23.

A MODEL SITTING.

I sits with my feet in a pool,
And if anyone axes me why,
I smiles on the Philistine fool:
" 'Classic sentiment' makes me," says I.

Old Doggerel Adapted.

A fair lady seated in graceful *déshabille*: one of a large family of Academy annuals. The artist sends the annexed sketch as an

explanatory sequel to his picture. The *real* meaning of the work, however, seems to us to be, that a *Calderon* of gruel and all the hot water the Academy are in will not make a subject picture out of a "Study from a Model."



NO. 24. AN EFFECT OF COAL ON THE RIVER.

One of a series of Thames pictures which this popular artist is painting. The subject of course affords no opportunity for the sunny effects which characterise the rest of his works ; nevertheless, it is a good example of *Cole*.

No. 25.

THE HARE-BELL.

A picture of what may be called the "Baby Blackleg" class:—

"Bah ! Bah ! Blackleg,
Getting quite a school.
With such specimens of "Art
Galleries are full."

Child model—plenty of tangled hair, long ebony legs *à la* Chippendale, a dog, cat, bird, umbrella, or—as in this case—a flower, and there's your picture. Supplementary sketches show how easily the "trick" may be varied and the recipe applied in the multiplication of pictures. Quite an artistic Stock(ing) in trade for years past at Burlington House.







No. 26.

THE SALVATION ARMITAGE.

A central position is occupied, with becoming dignity and gravity, by this large picture.

The subject is perhaps a little risky, and calculated to ruffle certain sectarian susceptibilities. The picture has, however, been admitted on account of its magisterial quality and profound suggestiveness, it being in fact a very subtle and effective study in comparative religiosity. The contrast between the tone and taste of ancient piety, and of a modern popular *cultus* is very powerfully marked. The picture is valuable both historically and æsthetically, and is perhaps on the whole the most important work of the kind in the Exhibition.



No. 26.

THE SEQUEL.

Furnishes a "quiet hint," which, though offered without the least offensive intention, it is feared will not be taken in good part by those chiefly concerned.

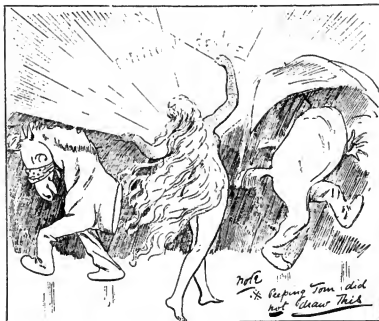
D

No. 27.

LADY GODIVA.

I waited in the rain at Coventry
 (A very naughty town, suggestive once
 Of nudities and new ditties, but that,
 Thanks to my chaste crusade, is now all changed) ;
 I hid, like Peeper Tom, behind a curtain
 To spy—what I might spy ; and there I shaped
 The city's ancient legend into—THIS !!!

Godiva Regarded (by T. H. R. A.).



No. 27.

THE SEQUEL.

No. 28.

SIR JOHN WELLINGTON DE BOOTS BACKHOUSE, OF
BACKHOUSE HALL, BACKHOUSE, J.P., M.F.H., &c. &c.

In reality though he is only a walking advertisement for



"Waukenphast!"

No. 29.

AT THE STAGE DOOR.

"The picture is eminently characteristic of the painter, especially as regards his tendency to minimise the head, and maximise the development of shoulder, neck, and arm." It represents a music hall "Snake Charmer" looking at the highly-coloured poster of herself as an Indian. She has never been out of London in her life, probably, and her "make-up" is *Prinsep*-ally Indian red.

No. 30.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN, OR THE SAME OLD DODGE OF
VENICE.

Wonderful transformation of English comedy into Venetian, now so popular at the Theatre Royal Academy. Very clever illusion! Yet it seems somehow almost a pity to use up good English *Woods* in the manufacture of what may be called Venetian "blinds."

D 2

No. 31.

"I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

(An opium vision, after a long course of Alma Tadema.)

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble hall,
 Whilst Sappho sang songs at my side.
 Ah! cold as a bath were those glittering walls,
 The doors and the windows were wide.
 From no point of view could I make head or tail
 Of the plan, the perspective, the plot;
 Though 'twas all on a truly magnificent scale,
 If I knew what it *meant* I'll be shot.

"Petronius Arbiter might have popped in,
 'Twas worthy that classic M.C.,
 A model who played on two pipes—though of tin—
 How remarkably useful she'd be!
 Though why we should dress ourselves up like two guys,
 And dance to her bacchanal strains,
 Is a question I really must leave to the wise;
 For opium never explains."

—From *Lays of a Laubnum Drinker*.

No. 31.

THE SEQUEL.

No. 32.

THE MILLER HOMEWARD BOUND.

By Baby Hungwell.

The youngest member of this artistic family, that of Jabez Hungwe^{ll}, Esq., R.A., shows promise, and no doubt has a right to this valuable space, although some may think it peculiar to turn out Van Venice to make room for the Academician's infant. The critical parent is here shown. For obvious reasons his face is hidden.



No. 33.

THE MORNING MEAL.

By Master Tommy Hungwell.

Master Tommy is evidently the animal-painter of this well-represented artistic family. His proud father sketches his portrait for this catalogue.





No. 34.

ARTEMIS.

By Miss Hungwell,

Daughter of the R.A. The effect of art-school study and Girton combined. But why Artemis?

No. 35.

MY BABY.

By Mrs. Hungwell,

Wife of the famous R.A. This picture is no doubt the portrait of a future Academician.



No. 36.

THE HARVEST MOON.

By Miss Lottie Hungwell,

Niece of the R.A. of that name, who has sent this refreshing sketch of her. It goes some way towards inducing us to forgive him for being so generous to his family in hanging this Academy.

No. 37.

ALONE.

By Miss Spinster Hungwell,

The artistic aunt of the artistic family. It is not sold; this work will be raffled for, and the proceeds given to the Muddlewick-on-Sea Ladies' Art Institution.

No. 38.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

"Sic transit gloria Veneris."

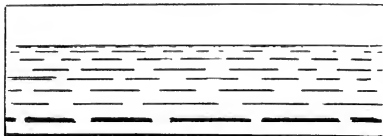
Let *Wells* alone to find a *striking* classical subject! The British Workman who—let Morris and the Royal Society say and do what they like—is *not* æsthetic, can make nothing but an anatomical muddle of the Milo of Venus which he is employed to move. Venus, divided against herself, and placed hind part before, stands anything *but* like "the statue that enchants the world." The foreman, plan in hand, sees that something is wrong somewhere, but "can make neither head nor tail of these 'ere goddesses."



In the sequel, the Venus of Milo finds her long-missing arms—and use for them.

No. 39.

BRITANNIA RULING THE WAVES.



This landscape (the effect of which could only have been given by the artist himself on the small scale of these Catalogue sketches) is a Brett-y picture. Looking at this brilliant—apparently easy, and certainly very masterly—achievement, it is impossible not to carry the mind forward twenty years, and ask, Will Britannia rule the waves *then?* And *thus?*

No. 40.

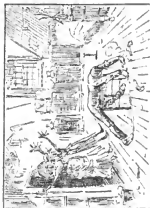
THE REAL AND IDEAL FLOWER-GIRL.

"A Modern *Frith*-iof Saga."

The painter of this picture is called the modern Hogarth, and a careful study of the work is sufficient to prove his claim to that flattering title. All must regret that there is only room in this gallery for one of the series of five pictures telling this pictorial drama of modern life; but fortunately the artist has furnished characteristic outlines of the remaining four, which will suffice to unravel the story without the aid of a showman.



THE REAL FLOWER GIRL.



TWOICE COLOURED!



THE IM- A FLOWER GIRL.



PENNY PLAIN!

No. 41. "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

Britons never will be slaves—to mere artistic conventionalities. Landseer humanised dogs, &c., by making them *more* than animals. Circe animalised men by the contrary process. The artist has followed Landseer's plan, which lends itself readily to popular sentimentality and saleableness.

He will paint you a man with a bestial jowl,
And a mastiff which rightly should speak and not howl,
So that but for the tail, on the coat and the clog,
It would floor you to say which is man and which dog.



It has here, apparently, occurred to the artist that the process might be greatly simplified by just *changing heads*! And why not? Henceforward sentimental animal-painting will be easier, and no doubt more popular, than ever.

No. 42.

LAVENDER.

Why Lavender? We have Poppies, Violets, Primroses, Lilies, of course the Sun-Flower; rows of Roses and the rest of the floral division of "selling school." Study of a model with a flower painted in to give the picture a name and a price. Wonderful! Another illustration of the ambition that fires and the imagination that inspires the artists of our day.



No. 43.

MACBETH IN THE FENS.

An important and suggestive picture of field labour; a fit companion in sentiment, if not in refinement of execution, to Mason's never-to-be-forgotten "Harvest Moon"; an earnest work in the style of the late F. Walker; another example of the strength and originality of our younger school of painters.



This sketch by the painter is full of stirring life, but suggests — unjustly — an association between Macbeth and pot-boiling.

No. 44.

DISCORD FROM DICKSEE'S LAND; OR, SENTIMENT ON STILTS.

Lady, loquitur:—

"From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,

This universal frame began."—

So sang mellifluous Dryden in his lay

On St. Cecilia's day.

But out upon that sooty Minstrel Man!

Though sentiment is sweet, even on stilts,

Though moonlight, amorous moans, and deftly-painted quilts

Mix sweetly as love-dreams in maiden slumbers

(And make most maudlin pictures sell in numbers).

This blameful Ethiopian harshly jars

With tittivated tints and twinkling stars.

What ! He disturb me in my maiden sleep ?
 Anon he'll mind him of the primal day
 " When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay ;
 And could not heave her head." (Dryden again :)
 But I'll heave this at his, and cause it pain.



Sequel.

Dryden was right. He knew us women well.
 " What passion cannot Music raise and quell ? "
 Discord is turned to heavenly Harmony.
 (In Dicksee's Land the dulcet rules you see).
 'Twas my own gallant, brave as a crusader,
 Togged as an Ethiopian serenader !

No. 45.

A SPECIMEN OF WALL-PAPER.

A Moore-ish design.

No. 46.

LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.

"Davis sum non Œdipus."

Sky diddle diddle, this picture's a riddle,
 Yon heifer seems seized with a lune;
 But cows' brains will soften if painted too often,
 As fiddlers will die of one tune.

From Nursery Myths Modernised.

NO. 47. AN EMINENT MAN SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT
TO AN EMINENT PAINTER.



Eminent man arrives smiling,
prepared for the ordeal.

"Heigh, ho! 'Tis *Holly*-y, 'tis *Holly*-y!
This life is most jolly, most jolly."

Eminent portrait-painter requires
thirteen sittings to finish the subject.
(Unlucky number, why not fourteen
or twelve?) E. P. P., it may be
stated in these notes, follows the
practice of the photographer in
placing in the sitter's point of sight
an interesting object for him to
gaze upon. Notice that in this case
it is a study for one of the many
merry subject-pictures peculiar to
the E. P. P., "Alone with the
Corpse?" The E. P. P. kindly
furnishes these pages with a sketch
of his sitter, made from life—not
from the picture—after a week's
hollarious sitting.

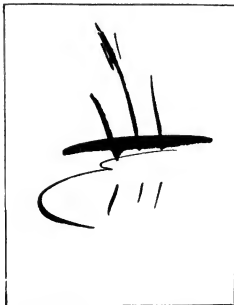
"Heigh, ho! This *Holly*-y, this
Holly-y!
I feel far from jolly, from jolly!"



No. 48.

"THE THREE SWITCHES."

Here poetic delicacy of feeling is combined with the close study of Nature. The same hand that worked for a dozen autumns on this painting has drawn this sketch. Note how three ordinary brooms fill, with an almost human interest, this facile, not to say fanciful, treatment of Nature.



No. 49.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA IN LOWTHER ARCADIA.

"No modern picture of equal importance has been seen since this artist's 'Daphne-fol-de-rol-de-riddlo,' exhibited in 1876. This Catalogue sketch gives little or no indication of the refinement of colour, or of the grace and beautiful natural waxiness of some of the figures, but rather carries you further by suggesting how like Pygmalion was to other men—to fall in love with a mere doll. Whether this great work, on which so much labour and cultivation have been bestowed, will interest the majority of visitors to the Academy may be doubtful. It will affect many of us like the possession of ancient tapestry, or of rare and beautiful china."



No. 50.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

The scene is afar from the shore,
 The Bottle—its meaning you guess.
 The picture is certainly *Moore*,
 The subject could hardly be less.



Nos. 51 to 57.

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE MODEL.

All the world's a studio,
 And all the men and women merely models ;
 They have their fancies and their special lines,
 And one may in his time dress many parts,
 His acts being seven poses :—At first the baby,
 Sitting for pictures which the public charm.
 And then the round-backed schoolboy, with short jacket
 And melancholy face, a well-known figure,
 Quite of the Webster school. Then the nude model,
 Sitting in buff for Hector or Apollo,
 Calderon from heel to eyebrow. Then a "George,"
 Full of big pockets, wigged like "Johnson's" bards
 Brilliant in breeches, huge in cuff and ruffle,
 In South-Sea-Bubble pictures prominent,
 Useful to Frith and Ward. And then the monk,
 His fair round belly with good pasty lined,
 With eyes a-twinkle, chin of cosy cut ;
 Of him good Marks marks many instances,
 And well he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean old Chelsea pensioner,
 With cap-peak over nose and hands on knees,
 His annual breeks, well-worn, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanks ; and his once martial voice
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And wheezes in his throat. Last scene of all,
 That ends this studio-haunting history :
 Dirty old man, back-bowed and rag-arrayed,
 Sans teeth, sans hair, sans sense, sans everything.

—Shakespeare : *Studio Version*.

No. 58.

PRETTY MISS MILLY CINDERELLA'S DAY-DREAM OF
HER UGLY PRE-RAPHAELITE SISTERS.

" . . . Cinderella awoke from her slumber by the humble hearth-side. 'Dreams *are* funny things,' mused she, after vainly trying to rouse the dead embers with her broom-handle. 'Funny, but not without meaning, though generally a little mixed, like fairy-tales and Royal Academy Exhibitions, and art criticism, and things. My ugly sisters—*how* they were painted though!—mocked and "mopped and mowed" at me and my mobcap. Let's see, *what* were the rude lines they sang?

"With eyes like the corn-flower and lips like the poppy,
You're awfully stuck up, though slap-dash and sloppy.
Your doom is the doom of the tricky and shoppy."

'But oh! how malignant they looked when I suddenly turned into a genuine "Golden Witch," and soared away on my broomstick, singing triumphantly "I know a Bank." I shouldn't wonder now if this queer jumble of a dream had a sort of meaning, if only I were not too tired, and—well, yes—too indifferent to "think it out."'"

- *Nursery Fragments.*



No. 59.

PORTRAIT OF A DOG.

A "Skied" terrier.

No. 60.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY NURSERY.

With the exception of the charming girls and boys of our unique J. E. M., and the ever-welcome, truthfully-painted, fair-haired little ones fresh from the Burton-Barber Shop, the mass of stupid children saying stupid things to stupid animals are beneath contempt. This picture, however, actually emanates from the nursery, and as the veritable work of its occupants is pardonable, and even entertaining ; which is more than can be said of the same class of work from their artistic elders and *not* betters.



No. 61.

COERCED AGAIN, BY JABERS!

That grand old Irish gentleman, The O'Home-ruler-o finishing off the last of the scared Landlords.

Such art must please the public—though 'tis fickle—
If not artistic gold, at least 'tis Nicol.

No. 62.

SUNDAY.

Recipe for painting this picture : make a study from a pretty model, languishing eyes, big hat, small waist—no background ; then suggest that she is going to some place, why not to church ? Call the work " Sunday." If it sells, you have to follow on with—



MONDAY.



TUESDAY.



WEDNESDAY.



THURSDAY.



FRIDAY.



SATURDAY.

No. 63. ART AND FAME OR *W'ATTS* IN A NAME?

Highly imaginative representation of an unlucky modern (though in one sense *ancient*) artist receiving from diminishing Fame his hundred and-first rejection ticket from the Royal Academy.



In this allegorical treatment of a simple domestic incident, note the master's unique qualities, simplicity, perspicuity, symmetry, and breadth of treatment.

As a profound critic has remarked, "The painter seems to have placed himself in attitude to receive such impressions as passed before the eye of Titian and Giorgione."

The supplementary sketch, conceived in the artist's favourite mystico-allegorical fashion, shows the particular attitude in which he receives the impressions in question.

No. 64.

SUNSHINE.

Painted with "Sunlight" Soap.

Painted with soap? Whatever can *that* mean?
Why simply that the artist's handling's *clean*.
Dowdiness only dares gas's dim dun light,
But Beauty is earth's sun, and shines in Sunlight.

No. 65.

NEWEST ENGLAND, A PICTURE OF THE FUTURE,
TARRED WITH AN AMERICAN BRUSH.

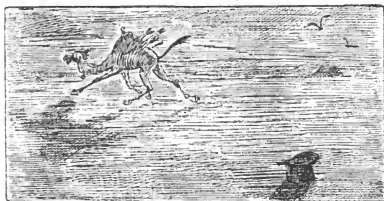
Note the Anglo-Dutch flavour about the natives; the amateurish manner in which My Lady carries the clothes-basket; the Bishop, out at elbows; and the Duke breaking stones. The picture is low in tone, if high in price. It is, however, evidently sold—for is it not a Bought'un?

The significance of the picture, somewhat obscure in itself, is clearly brought out in the painter's supplementary sketch.



No. 66.

GOODY-ALL, OR TRACTS ON THE DESERT,
AS SEEN BY THE LAST MESSENGER.



No. 67.

LIEUTENANT BAXTER.

The warrior's legs are interesting. This is more than can be said of his face, which fortunately however is not visible. One may, indeed, consider him to *Oulss* to his head than he owes to his regulation helmet, which the artist, with his usual truthfulness and care, has painted to perfection.

No. 68.

FOLLOW MY LEADER TO SLAPDASH VILLA.

Dealers, with private view tickets, running after cheap effects.

No. 69.

VENICE IN LONDON, OR A SUGGESTION FOR
VENETIAN IDEALISM APPLIED TO ST. GILES.

"To-morrow to fresh *Fildes* and pastures new."

* The two slight sketches below illustrate forcibly this admirable artist's unequalled power of idealisation.



AS PAINTED.



AS SEEN.

No. 70.

THE DAUGHTERS OF "DASHING WHITE" SERGEANT
MAYFAIR.

Impressionists evidently. The latest fashion in portrait-painting. Why trouble about finish? Leave everything to the imagination. So clever, you know—and so profitable!

No. 71.

COMING FROM A MORRIS DANCE.

An example of the overdressed Academy baby, as interesting as the remarks it draws forth. "The little Dear!" "So like our Tottie!" "The picture of Cissy!" "What a sweet!" "Ain't the satin beautiful?" &c., &c., &c. A



of this interesting infant can be seen in the windows of any of the news-agents, and at all the railway stations in the United Kingdom, after it has held a three months *seance* at Burlington House to the delight of all womankind.

[over

As some poet somewhere sweetly sings:—

“ O Baby ! in our hours of ease
A torment, given to howl and tease ;
When hung on Burlington's fair walls,
How dear thy dabs, how sweet thy squalls ! ”

No. 72.

ELBOW-ROOM.

See opposite page.

No. 73.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

By Soap-and-Waterhouse.

There is nothing new under the sun. In ancient days soap had the same effect that it has now, in making humanity “ beautiful for ever.” Still, although Beauty doubtless owes much to Soap, on the other hand Soap, in these advertising days, owes a good deal to Beauty. As the old saw hath it, “ there's nothing like *lather*.”

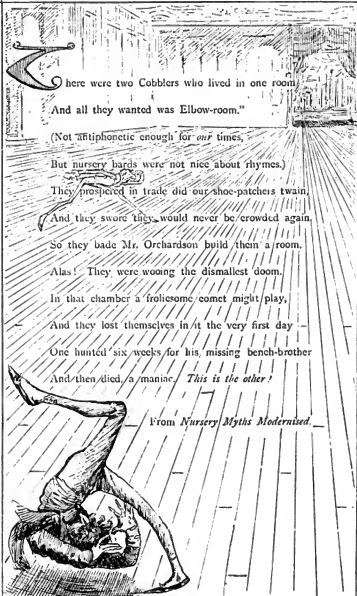
No. 74.

THE DIPLOMA PICTURE.

Portrait of a Brother Artist.

It is no secret that this picture was painted in less than an hour ; and quite long enough too—for a “ Diploma picture.”

Artists elected to the Academy are each actually compelled, in return, to send a Diploma picture (without charging for it), the picture becoming permanently the property of the Royal Academy, as a proof that its painter is worthy of selection for Academy honours. It has become the fashion to paint a “ brother artist,” as an easy and at the same time conscientious way of meeting an obnoxious and stupid demand. The picture before us is an excellent example of what may be called the Fraternal Pot-boiler.



here were two Cobblers who lived in one room

And all they wanted was Elbow-room."

(Not antiphonetic enough for *our* times,

But nursery bards were not nice about rhymes.)

They prospered in trade did our shoe-patchers twain,

And they swore they would never be crowded again.

So they bade Mr. Orchardson build them a room.

Alas! They were wooing the dimmest doom.

In that chamber a frolicsome comet might play,

And they lost themselves in it the very first day —

One hunted six weeks for his missing bench-brother

And then died, a maniac. *This is the other!*

From *Nursery Myths Modernised*.

No. 75.

THE ART CRICHTON, AND TRAVELLING PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

A Professor in the act of modestly delivering "a Talk on Art, Personal and Otherwise," particularly personal, dashing off a portrait, etching it with his knee, beating it out in metal with his toes, and carving it in wood with his coat-tail. Considering this marvellous performance, one cannot wonder that this Academy picture gained the Crichton Medal, designed, modelled, and cast by the great master, and presented to himself by himself.



No. 76.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

He aims too low who aims below the sky,
The *Yeames* of modern Art being *always* high.

No. 77.

OLD GREGORY.

This is the portrait of a medical celebrity well known to the nursery in connexion with a celebrated powder. His namesake, the painter, is probably a descendant of that benefactor of mankind. We have seen the bearded portraits of Old Parr, but never recollect seeing before a picture of "Old Gregory." This unfinished little work—like the powder—is rather difficult to swallow, as an adequate representation of that genius—the painter G. We expect it will be finished by the next Jubilee.

No. 78.

"SO EARLY IN THE MOURNING."

A *magaziny* sort of picture, better suited to black-and-white than colours, and to monthly numbers than to the Academy Annual.



"So early in the mourning
Before the break of day."
She has clearly been adorning
At the *magasin* of Jay.

F

No. 79.

ART IS LONG.

Yes, and automatic ! This picture indeed suggests Zoe of Egyptian Hall celebrity. Only put in a cheque, and the "Model Artist" will draw you any number of "single figures" with mechanical regularity, having the romantic names of "Book of Beauty" heroines, and the artistic individuality of a postage-stamp.

No. 80.

THE PROFESSOR

In the act of lecturing on a perfect vacuum. Something to do with electric light, but suggests the brilliant brain-power of our imaginative Academy lights, as shown in their choice of subjects from year to year.

No. 81.

THE ANNUAL C**P*R CATTLE SHOW.

To be handed down to poster-ity.

No. 82.

THE PLOUGH-BOY AND THE MILKMAID.

and

No. 83.

MY LORD AND MY LADY.

The Hanging Committee are to be congratulated upon placing these two pictures side by side—comparison is instructive ; No. 82, "The Plough-Boy and the Milkmaid" is so thoroughly like the real thing ! The march of culture is shown by the two rustic lovers, and their pose and dress might well be copied by our favourite actors at the Lyceum Theatre.

"My Lord and My Lady," No. 83, represent the opposite school, rough yet realistic, photographically portrayed. Fortunately the artists supply the original sketches they actually made from life for these pictures, and therefore visitors can see at a glance how faithful they are to nature.



MY LORD AND MY LADY.

No. 83.



THE PLOUGH-BOY AND THE MILKMAID.

No. 82.

No. 84.

THE ANNUAL SALE OF SPANISH RAGS : A LITTLE
MORE OF BURGESS.

Hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark ;
See Burgess's beggars so brown,
Some in rags, and much-patched "bags,"
And some in Spanish gown.

Old Nursery Rhyme.

No. 85. THE LASS OF RICHMOND 'ILL.

Evidently the portrait of a local physician. We do not see his face (see page v), but the face of his watch is probably quite as expressive.

No. 86.

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN.

"A somewhat Pettie subject elevated to importance by its size and the skill and knowledge of the painter. Note the management of chiaroscuro and the evident ease in attaining the effect desired."

So lifelike is this wooden single figure—and so Scotch—that, if it had only had a palette in hand in place of a mull, it might have been taken for a probable candidate for Academy honours.

Here, even in a sketch, we may clearly see the bright effect and dashing style of the artist's composition.



No. 87.

CROSSED IN LOVE, OR THE SAME OLD STOREY.

This picture requires little explanation and no criticism. It may perhaps be said of this amiable artist's work that "*His Storey* repeats itself." But then the same may be said of the whole Academy, which assuredly "repeats itself" annually, with such unvarying sameness, that its artistic tale may be accurately summarised by the very appropriate title of this last picture in our Catalogue. It is all—

"The Same Old Story!"



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